

And durst not once peepe out.

Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius*.

Brut. Go see this Rumor whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs.

Mene. Cannot be?

We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Brut. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is coming
That turnes their Countenances.

Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:

Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mes. Yes worthy Sir,

The Slaues report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.

Sicin. What more fearefull?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioynd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vov'es Reuenge as spacious, as betwene
The yong'ft and oldest thing.

Sicin. This is most likely.

Brut. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home againe.

Sicin. The very trick on't.

Mene. This is unlikely,
He, and *Aufidius* can no more attone
Then violent 'st Contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Aufidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you haue made good worke.

Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You haue help to rauish your owne daughters, &
To melt the City Leades vpon your pates,
To see your Wiues dishonour'd to your Noses.

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.

Mene. Pray now, your Newes:

You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* should be ioynd with Volceans.

Com. If He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shap'es man Better: and they follow him
Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flies.

Mene. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlick-eaters.

Com. Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.

Mene. As *Hercules* did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.

Brut. But is this true sir?

Com. I, and you'l looke pale

Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

Mene. We are all vndone, vnlesse

The Noble man haue mercy.

Com. Who shall aske it?

The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame: the people
Deferue such pittie of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As those should do that had deseru'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I haue not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.

Com. You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer
S'inceapeable of helpe.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gau'e way vnto your Clusters, who did hoot
Him out o'th' City.

Com. But I feare

They'l roare him in againe. *Tullius Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Clusters.

And is *Aufidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnuholosome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into oue coale,
We haue deseru'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we heare fearefull Newes.

1 Cit. For mine owne part,

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pittie.

2 And so did I.

*3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very ma-
ny of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though wee
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.*

Com. Yare goodly things, you Voyces.

Mene. You haue made good worke

You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

Com. Oh I, what else?

Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismayd,
These are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they so feeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Feare.

1. Cit.

1 Cit. The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's
home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd
him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

Brut. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Brut. Let's to the Capiroll: would halfe my wealth

Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still lye to'th' Roman?

Lien. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace 'fore meate,
Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,
And you are darked in this action Sir,
Euen by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now,
Vnlesse by vsing meanes I lame the foots
Of our designe. He beares himselfe more prouder,
Euen to my person, then I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lien. Yet I wish Sir,

(I meane for your particular) you had not
Ioynd in Commission with him: but either haue borne
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it folly.

Auf. I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account, he knowes not
What I can vrge against him, although it seemes
And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparant
To th' vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely:
And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does archeue as soone
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone
That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,
When ere we come to our account.

Lien. Sir, I beseech you, thinke you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,

And the Nobility of Rome are his:

The Senators and Patricians loue him too:

The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people

Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty

To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome

As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it

By Soueraignty of Nature. First, he was

A Noble seruant to them, but he could not

Carry his Honors euen: whether 'twas Pride

Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints

The happy man; whether defect of iudgement,

To faile in the disposing of those chances

Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,

Not to be other then one thing, nor moouing

From th' Caske to th' Cussion: but commanding peace

Euen with the same austerity and garbe,

As lie controll'd the warre. But one of these

(As he hath spices of them all) not all,

For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: but he hath a Merit

To choake it in the vantage: So our Vertue,

Lie in th' interpretation of the time,

And power vnto it selfe most commendable,

Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire,

Textoll what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;

Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.

Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,
Thou art poor 'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath said
Which was sometime his Generall: who loued him
In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him
A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To heare *Cominius* speake, Ile keepe at home.

Com. He would not seeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus*

He would not answer too: Forbad all Names,

He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelesse,

Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th' fire

Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you haue made good worke:

A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome,

To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon

When it was lesse expected. He replied

It was a bare petition of a State

To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say lesse.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard

For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was

He could not stay to picke them, in a pile

Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly

For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt

And still to note th' offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two?

I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,

And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines,

You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt

Above the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde

In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not

Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you

Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue

More then the instant Armie we can make

Might stop our Countryman.

Menen. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Menen. What should I do?

Brut. Onely make triall what your Loue can do,

For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Menen. Well, and say that *Martius* returne mee,

As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then?

But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot

With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will

Must haue that thanks from Rome, after the measure

As you intended well.

Menen. Ile vndertake't:

I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,

And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

cc

Hee